Some go there to laugh and talk, And some go there to laugh and lalk,
And some go there for the sake of the walk.
(Now Sis and Asia think I mean them.)
Some go there to scratch and fight,
And some go there to "hold the light."
(Now Fred will think I mean bim.)

Some go there to laugh and snigger, And some go there to fight a "nigger. (Now John will think I mean bise.) Some go there to talk of the Lamb, And some go there to go with Sam.
(Now Lizzie will think I mean her.)

Some go there to chat and spark,
And some go there to be "left in the dark."
(Now Jesse will think I mean him.)
Some go there to "see the sight,"
And some go there with Mr. White.
(Now Sarah will think I mean her.)

Some go there to shout and cry, And some go there to shout and ery,
And some go there to tell a lie.
(Now every body will think I mean them.)
Some go there to sleep and nod,
But few go there to worship God.
(Now nolody will think I mean them.)

OUR CHRISTMAS STORY.

A Christmas Carol.

(IN PROSE.) By CHARLES DICKENS,

STAVE ONE .- MARLEY'S GROST. Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clerchief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And enough." Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change for any thing he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was dead as a door-nail.

Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unballowed hands shall not disturb it, or the country's done tor. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was dead as a door-nail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend, and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he own pudding, and buried with a stake of make idle people merry. I help to support knocker, without its undergoing any interwas an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnized it with an undoubted bargain.

The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to the point I started from. There is no doubt that Marley was dead. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going

Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterward, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and might have derived good, by which I have and Marley. Sometimes people new to the nephew, "Christmas among the rest. But business called Scrooge Scrooge, and some. I am sure I have always thought of Christ-peoples's. Mine occupies me constantly. times Marley, but he answered to both mas time, when it has come round-apart names. It was all the same to him.

grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrench- be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, ing, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from only time I knew of, in the long calendar which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him freely, and to think of people below them froze his old features, nipped his pointed as if they really were fellow-passengers to nose, shriveled his cheek, stiffened his gait; the grave, and not another race of creatures made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and bound on other journeys. And therefore, spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A uncle, though it has never put a scrap of frosty rime was on his head, and on his eye gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that brows, and his wiry chin. He carried his it has done me good, and will do me good: own low temperature always about him; he and I say, God bless it!" iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't The clerk in the tank unvoluntarily ap thaw it one degree at Christmas.

no wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christsnow was more intent upon its purpose, no mas by losing your situation. You're quite pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and into Parliament." sleet, could boast of the advantage over "Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine over him in only one respect. They often with us to-morrow." never did

to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear see him in that extremity first. Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a triffe, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and when they saw him coming on, would tug Christmas. "Good afternoon!" their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an a reason for not coming now?" evil eye, dark master!"

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way of you: why can not we be friends?" along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was Scrooge.

in the year, on Christmas Eve-old Scrooge mas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, the last. So, A Merry Christmas, uncle!" bleak, biting weather: foggy withal: and he could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their heads upon their breasts, and stampwere flaring in the windows of the neight turned them cordially. boring offices, like ruddy smears upon the dense without that, although the court was family, talking about a merry Christmas. of the narrowest, the houses opposite were I'll retire to Bedlam." sere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew

was open, that he might keep his eye upon hands, and bowed to him. his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, "Scrooge and Marley's, I believe," said a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge one of the gentlemen, referring to his list. chin. was so very much smaller that it looked Scrooge or Mr. Marley ?"

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

"THIS IS A GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE."-ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

VOL. V. CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1880.

room; and so surely as the clerk came in years ago this very night." forter, and tried to warm himself at the canstrong imagination, he failed.

"A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first imtimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge, "Humbug!" He had so hated himself with rapid walkface was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sir.' sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What gyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the reason have you to be merry? You're poor

"Come then," returned the nephew, gayly. "What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough.

Scrooge having no better answer ready on the sour of the moment said "Rah!" again; and followed it up with "Humbug!"

"Don't be cross, uncle!" said the nephew. "What else can I be," returned the uncle. when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in em through a round dozen of month; presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips, should be boiled with his holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew. "Nephew!" returned the uncle, sternly, keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew. But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge not profited, I dare say," returned the from the veneration due to its sacred name Oh! but he was a tight fisted hand at the and origin, if any thing belonging to it can of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts

planded. Becoming immediately sensible External heat and cold had little influ- of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and ence on Scrooge No warmth could warm, extinguished the last frail spark forever. "Let me hear another sound from you."

weather didn't know where to have him. to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go

"came down" handsomely, and Scrooge Scrooge said that he would see him-yes indeed he did. He went the whole length Nobody ever stopped him in the street, of the expression, and said that he would "But why?" cried Scrooge's nephew,

"Why?" "Why did you get married?" said Scrooge.

"Recause I fell in love."

"Because you fell in love!" growled such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind Scrooge, as if that were the only thing in men's dogs appeared to know him; and the world more ridiculous than a merry "Nay, uncle, but you never came to see

me before that happened. Why give it as

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge. "I want nothing from you; I ask nothing "Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

"I am sorry, with all my heart, to find what the knowing one's called "nuts" to you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a party. But Once upon a time-of all the good days I have made the trial in homage to Christ-

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge. "And, A Happy New Year!"

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge. His nephew left the room without an aning their feet upon the pavement stones to gry word, notwithstanding. He stopped at warm them. The city clocks had only just the outer door to bestow the greetings of gone three, but it was quite dark already- the season on the clerk, who, cold as he it had not been light all day-and candles was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he re-

"There's another fellow," muttered palpable brown air. The fog came pouring Scrooge; who overheard him: "my clerk, for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be in at every chink and keyhole, and was so with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and

ome drooping down, obscuring every thing, out, had let two other people in. They were ie might have thought that Nature lived portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and hard by, and was browing on a large scale. now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's a year. The door of Scrooge's counting-house office. They had books and papers in their

like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, "Mr. Marley has been dead these seven The clerk promised that he would; and

it would be necessary for them to part, represented by his surviving partner," said dangling below his waist (for he boasted no his thoughts; and yet the face of Marley, appalling noise, that Scrooge held on tight Wherefore the clerk put on his white com- the gentleman, presenting his credentials. greatcoat), went down a slide on Cornhill.

head, and handed the credentials back.

"At this festive season of the year, Mr. the present time. Many thousands are in

"Are there no prisons?" said Scrooge. laying the pen down again.

"And the Union workhouses?" demanded Scrooge. "Are they still in operation?" "They are. Still," returned the gentleman, "I wish I could say they were not."

full vigor, then?" said Scrooge. "Both very busy, sir." "Oh! I was afraid from what you said at irst that something had occurred to stop them is their useful course," said Scrooge. I am very glad to hear it."

"Under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude," returned the gentleman, "a few of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to buy the Poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time. because it is a time, of all others, when Want is keenly felt and Abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?"

"Nothing!" Serooge replied.

"You wish to be anonymous?" "I wish to be left alone," said Scrooge Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to cost enough: and those who are badly off must go there.

"Many can't go there; and many would rather die

"If they would rather die," said Scrooge, they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. Besides-excuse me-I don't know that.'

"But you might know it," observed the gentleman.

"It's not my business," Scrooge returned. It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other Good afternoon, gentlemen!" Seeing clearly that it would be useless to

pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. Scrooge resumed his labora with an im- To say that he was not startled, a

horses in carriages, and conduct them on lighted his candle. their way. The ancient tower of a church, whose gruff old bell was always peeping slily down at Scroege out of a gothic winwith tremendous vibrations afterward, as if brightness of the shops where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the lamp heat of the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they passed. Poulterers' and grocers' trades became a splendid joke: a glorious pageant. lieve that such dull principles as bargain and sale had any thing to do. The Lord tened the doors, and walked across the hall, Mayor, in the stronghold of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep Christmas as a Lord Mayor's household should; and even the little tailor, whom he had fined five shillings for being drunk and bloodthirsty in in his garret, while his lean wife and the baby sallied out to buy the beef. Foggier yet, and colder! Piercing, search-

had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a touch of such weather as that, instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he would have roared to lusty purpose. The owner of one scant young nose, gnawed and mumbled by the hungry cold as bones are pretty dark with Scroege's dip. gnawed by dogs, stooped down at Scrooge's keyhole to regale him with a Christmas carol; but at the first sound of

"God bless you, merry gentleman May nothing you dismay, Scrooge seized the ruler with such energy

of action, that the singer fled in terror, leavcongenial frost.

Scrooge dismounted from his stool, and tacout and put on his bat.

pose?' said Scrooge. "If quite convenient sir '

"It's not convenient," said Scrooge, "and

The clerk smiled faintly. "And yet," said Scrooge, "you don't think me ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for

no work. The clerk observed that it was only once

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December!" said Scrooge, buttoning up his greatcoat to the "But I suppose you must have the had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning.

for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own years," Scrooge replied. "He died seven Scrooge walked out with a growt. The office air on clouds like feather-beds, Abrahams,

was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, Belshazzars, Apostles putting off to sea in At this the spirit raised a frightful cry, with the shovel, the master predicted that "We have no doubt his liberality is well with the long ends of his white comforter butter-bonts, hundreds of figures to attract and shook its chain with such a dismal and It certainly was; for they had been two at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times. dle; in which effort, not being a man of kindred spirits. At the ominous word "lib- in honor of its being Christmas Eve and erality." Scrooge frowned, and shook his then ran home to Camden Town as hard as first, with power to shape some picture on bandage round his head, as if it were too bound it round its head, as before. Scrooge he could pelt, to play at blindman's buff.

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in Scrooge," said the gentleman, taking up a his usual melancholy tavern; and having of old Marley's head on every one. pen, "it is more than usually desirable that read all the newspapers, and beguiled the we should make some slight provision for rest of the evening with his banker's-book, the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at went home to bed. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his dead parting in the fog and frost, this nephew of want of common necessaries; hundreds of ner. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his thousands are in want of common comforts, in a lowering pile of building up a yard. where it had so little business to be, that one could scarcely help faneying it must "Plenty of prisons," said the gentleman, have run there when it was a young house, playing at hide and-seek with other houses, and have forgotten the way out again. It was old exough now, and dreary enough; for nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices. The yard "The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in was so dark that even Scrooge, who knew its every stone, was fain to grope with his hands. The fog and frost so hung about the black old gateway of the house, that it seemed as if the Genius of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the threshold.

Now, it is a fact, that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door, except that it was very large. It is also a fact, that Scrooge had seen it, night and morning, during his whole residence in that place; also that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the City of London, even including -which is a bold word-the corporation, alderman, and livery. Let it also be borne in mind that Scrooge had not bestowed one thought on Marley since his last mention of his seven-years' dead partner that afternoon. And then let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the deor, saw in the the establishments I have mentioned—they mediate process of chance—not a knocker,

but Marley's face. Marley's face. It was not in impenetrable shadow, as the other objects in the yard were, but had a dismal light about it, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar. It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look: with ghostly spectacles turned up on its ghostly forehead. breath of hot air; and, though the eyes were wide open, they were perfectly mohorrible; but its horror seemed to be in behind. spite of the face, and beyond its control, rather than a part of its own expression.

As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phe- it until now.

nomenon, it was a knocker again. proved opinion of himself, and in a more his blood was not conscious of a terrible facetious temper than was usual with him. sensation to which it had been a stranger ing influence of its death-cold eyes; and Meanwhile the fog and darkness thick- from infancy, would be untrue. But he ened so that people ran about with flaring put his hand upon the key he had relin- chief bound about its head and chin, which links, proffering their services to go before quished, turned it sturdily, walked in, and wrapper he had not observed before; he was

He did pause, with a moment's irresolution, before he shut the door; and he did look cautiously behind at first, as if he half dow in the wall, become invisible, and expected to be terrified by the sight of Marstruck the hours and quarters in the clouds. ley's pigtail sticking out into the hall. But there was nothing on the back of the door, its teeth were chattering in its frozen head except the screws and nuts that held the up there. The cold became intense. The knocker on, so he said, "Pooh, pooh!" and

closed it with a bang. The sound resounded throughout the house like thunder. Every room above, and every cask in the wine-merchant's celfar below, appeared to have a separate peal ley. with which it was next to impossible to be- of echoes of its own. Scrooge was not a man to be frightened by cehoes. He fasand up the stairs; slowly, too; trimming his

candle as he went. You may talk vaguely about driving a coach-and-six up a good old flight of stairs, or through a bad young Act of Parliament; but I mean to say you might have got a the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding hearse up that staircase, and taken it broadwise, with the splinter-bar toward the wall and the door toward the balustrades: and fireplace, as if he were quite used to it. done it easy. There was plenty of width for ing, biting cold. If the good St. Dunstan that, and room to spare; which is perhaps ghost. the reason why Scrooge thought he saw a locomotive hearse going on before him in the gloom. Half a dozen gas lamps out of the street wouldn't have lighted the entry too well, so you may suppose that it was

Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that. Darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it. But before he shut his heavy door he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection done potato. There's more of gravy than of the face to desire to do that

Sitring-room, bed-room, lumber-room. ing the keyhole to the fog, and even more All as they should be. Nobody under the table, nobody under the sofa; a small fire At length the hour of shutting up the in the grate; spoon and basin ready; and counting-house arrived. With an ill-will the little saucepan of gruel (Scrooge had a tracting his own attention, and keeping homes to which its light would have con- down in the chair of Washington, and has cold in his head) upon the hob. Nobody itly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk | under the bed; nobody in the closet; noin the tank, who instantly snuffed his candle body in his dressing-gown, which was hanging up in a suspicious attitude against the "You'il want all day to-morrow, I sup- wall. Lumber-room as usual. Old fireguard, old shoes, two fish-baskets, washingstand on three legs, and a poker.

Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and it's not fair. If I was to stop half-a-crown locked himself in, which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat; put on his dressinggown and slippers, and his night-cap; and sat down before the fire to take his gruel.

It was a very low fire indeed; nothing on such a bitter night. He was obliged to sit close to it, and broad over it, before he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a handful of fuel. The fireplace was an old one, built by some Dutch merchant long ago, and paved all round with quaint Dutch tiles, designed to illustrate the Scriptures. There were Cains and Abels. Pharaoh's daughters, Queens of Sheba, Angelic messengers descending through the

seven years dend came like the ancient to his chair, to save himself from falling in member what has passed between us!"

Prophet's rod, and swallowed up the whole. In swoon. But how much greater was his his thoughts, there would have been a copy down upon its breast!

"Humbug!" said Scrooge; and walked his hands before his face.

cross the room. After several turns, he sat down again, As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell, a dis- Ghost, "do you believe in me or not?" used bell, that hung in the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment. and with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing. It swung so softly in the outset that it scarce- travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes stopped. ly made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house.

This might have lasted half a minute, or a minute, but it seemed an hour. The bells ceased as they had begun, together. They were succeded by a clanking noise, deep down below, as if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine-merchant's cellar. Scrooge then remembered to have beard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains.

The cellar door flew open with a booming its pattern strange to you?" sound, and then he heard the noise much louder, on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight toward his

"It's humbur still!" said Sereoge. won't believe it!"

His color changed though, when, without a pause, it came on through the heavy door, and passed into the room before his eyes Upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried, "I know him! Marley's ghost!" and fell again.

The same face: the very same. Marley in his pigtail, usual waistcont, tights, and boots; the tassels on the latter bristling, like his pigtail, and and his coat-skirts, and the hair upon his head. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was long and wound about him like a tail; and it was made (for Scrooge observed it closely) of cash boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, The hair was curiously stirred, as if by a and heavy purses, wrought in steel. His body was transparent; so that Scrooge, ob serving him, and looking through his waisttionless. That, and its livid color, made it | coat, could see the two buttons on his coat

Scrooge had often heard it said that Marley had no bowels, but he had never believed

No, nor dtd he believe it even now. Tho he looked the phantom through, and saw it marked the very texture of the folded kerstill incredulous, and taught against his

"How now!" said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. "What do you want with me!" "Much!"-Marley's voice, no doubt about

"Ask me who I was." Who were you, then?" said Scrooge, raising his voice. "You're particular, for a shade." He was going to say "fo a shade," but substituted this, as more appropriate. "In life I was your partner, Jacob Mar-

"Can von-can you sit down?" asked

Scrooge, looking doubtfully at him. "I can.

"Do it then." Scrooge asked the question, because he didn't know whether a ghost so transparent might find himself in a condition to take a chair; and felt that in the event of its being impossible, it might involve the necessity of portunities misused! Yet such was I! Oh! an embarrassing explanation. But the ghost sat down on the opposite side of the

"You don't believe in me," observed the gan to apply this to himself.

"I don't," said Scrooge. What evidence would you have of my reality beyond that of your own senses?"

"I don't know," said Scrooge. "Why do you doubt your senses?" "Because," said Scrooge, "a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stom-

ach makes them cheats. You may be an erumb of choese, a fragment of an under- again. of grave about you, whatever you are!'

down his terror; for the spectre's voice disturbed the very marrow in his bones.

To sit, staring at those fixed glazed eyes, in silence for a moment, would play, Scrooge | to quake exceedingly, felt, the very deuce with him. There was something very awful, too. in the spectre's is nearly gone." being provided with an infernal atmosphere of his own. Serooge could not feel it himself, but this was clearly the case; for though | Pray !" the Ghost sat perfectly motionless, its hair and tassels were still agitated as by the hot shape that you can see. I may not tell. I vapor from an oven. 'You see this toothpick?" said Scrooge,

returning quickly to the charge, for the reason just assigned; and wishing, though it shivered, and wiped the perspiration from had been placed by former congresses in the were only for a second, to divert the vision's his brow. stony gaze from himself.

"I do." replied the Ghost. "You are not looking at it." said Scronge. "But I see it," said the Ghost, "notwith-

standing.

"Well!" rejoined Scrooge, "I have but to swallow this, and be for the rest of my days persecuted by a legion of goblins all of my own orcation. Humbug, I tell you; humbug!

Serooge's countenance fell almost as low as the Ghost's had done.

"Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?" he demanded, in a faltering voice.

"It is."

NO. 21.

Scrooge fell upon his knees, and clasped

"Mercy!" he said, "Dreadful apparition,

why do you trouble me?"

on earth and turned to happiness."

bling. "Tell me why?"

a ponderous chain!"

Again the spectre raised a cry, and shook

its chain and wrung its shadowy hands.

Scrooge trembled more and more.

iron cable; but he could see nothing.

"I have none to give," the Ghost replied.

"You must have been very slow about it,

Jacob," Scrooge observed in a business-like

manner, though with humility and defer-

"Slow!" the Ghost repeated.

'And traveling all the time?'

"You travel fast ?" said Scrooge.

in the dead silence of the night.

"O! captive, bound, and double-ironed."

the good of which it is susceptible is all de-

comprehensive ocean of my business!"

"Hear me!" cried the Ghost, "My

"I will," said Scrooge, "But don't be

"How it is that I appear before you in

"That is no light part of my penanc

hope of escaping my fate. A chance and

"You were always a good friend to me,"

"You will be haunted," resumed

hope of my procuring, Ebenezer."

said Scrooge. "Thank'ee!"

Ghost, "by Three Spirits."

morse.

such was I!"

ducted me!"

many a day."

"I-I think I'd rather not," said Scrooge. "Without their visits," said the Chost, "you can not hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first to-morrow night, when the bell tolls One.

"Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob?" hinted Scrooge.

"Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third, upon the next night when the last stroke of Twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more: and look that, for your own sake, you re-

When it had said these words, the spec-If each smooth tile had been a blank at horror, when the phantom taking off the tre took its wrapper from the table, and its surface from the disjointed fragments of warm to wear indoors, its lower jaw dropped knew this by the smart sound its teeth made, when the jaws were brought together by the bandage. He ventured to raise his eyes again, and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in an erect attitude, with its chain wound over and about its arm.

"Man of the worldly mind!" replied the The apparition walked backward from him; and at every step it took, the window "I do," said Scrooge. "I must. But why | raised itself a little, so that when the specdo spirits walk the earth, and why do they tre reached it, it was wide open. It beckoned Scrooge to approach, which he did. "It is required of every man," the Ghost When they were within two paces of each returned, "that the spirit within him should other, Marley's Ghost held up its hand, walk abroad among his fellow men, and warning him to come no nearer. Scrooge

not forth in life, it is condemned to do so Not so much in obedience as in surprise after death. It is doomed to wander thro' and fear; for on the raising of the hand, he the world-oh, woe is me!--and witness became sensible of confused noises in the what it can not share, but might have shared air; incoherent sounds of lamentation and regret; wailings in expressibly sorrowful and self-accusatory. The spectre, after listening for a moment, joined in the mournful "You are fettered," said Scrooge, tremdirge; and floated out upon the bleak, dark night.

"I wear the chain I forged in life, replied Scrooge followed to the window: desperthe Ghost, "I made it link by link, and are in his curiosity. He looked out.

yard by yard; I girded it on of my own free The air was filled with phantoms, wanwill, and of my own free will I wore it. Is dering hither and thither in restless baste, and mouning as they went. Every one of them were chains like Marley's Ghost . "Or would you know," pursued the Ghost, some few (they might be guilty governthe weight and length of the strong coil ments) were linked together; none were you bear yourself? It was full as heavy free. Many had been personally known to and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves Scrooge in their lives. He had been quite ago. You have labored on it since. It is familiar with one old ghost, in a white waistcoat with a monstrous iron safe attached Scrooge glanced about him on the floor, to his ankle, who cried piteously at being in the expectation of finding himself sur- unable to assist a wretched woman with an rounded by some fifty or sixty fathoms of infant, whom it saw below upon a door-step. The misery with them all was, clearly, that "Jacob," he said, imploringly. "Old Ja- they sought to interfere, for good, in human cob Marley, tell me more. Speak comfort matters, and had lost the power forever,

Whether the creatures faded into mist. or mist enshrouded them, he could not tell, It comes from other regions, Ebenezer But they and their spirit voices faded to Scrooge, and is conveyed by other minis- gether; and the night became as it had been

ters to other kinds of men. Nor can I tell when he walked home. you what I would. A very little more is all Scrooge closed the window, and examthat is permitted to me. I can not rest, I ined the door by which the Ghost had encan not stay, I can not linger any where, tered. It was double-locked, as he had locked My spirit never walked beyond our counting- it with his own hands, and the bolts were house-mark me !- in life my spirit never undisturbed. He tried to say "Humbug! roved beyond the narrow limits of our mon-but stopped at the first syllable. And being, ey-changing hole; and weary journeys lie from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigues of the day, or his glimpse of the In-It was a habit with Scrooge, whenever he visible World, or the dull conversation of became thoughtful, to put his hands in his the Ghost, or the lateness of the hour, much breeches pockets. Pondering on what the in need of repose, went straight to bed, Ghost had said, he did so now, but without without undressing, and fell asleep upon

[Continued next week.] For the Breckenridge News. THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Seven years dead," mused Serooge. The Thanksgiving proclamations of the "The whole time," said the Ghost. "No president of the United States med the govrest, no peace. Incessant torture of re- ernors of the various states, very truly announced that the people have great cause to be thankful to Almighty God for his "On the wings of the wind," replied the bounty, and the prosperity and peace that so abundantly prevail. This is true to a "You might have got over a great quan- very marked degree all over the country, tity of ground in seven years," said and is due to several causes, and gratitude to God for these several causes is proper The Ghost, on hearing this, set up an- and only "our reasonable service."

other cry, and clanked its chains hideously But the indications of a future, not so prosperous or pleasant, are already apparent. The writer may be pessimistic to cried the plantom, "not to know that ages some extent in his view of things, but it may of incessant labor, by immortal creatures. nevertheless be profitable for people to obfor this earth must pass into eternity before serve "the signs of the times.

First, let us see what are the causes of veloped. Not to know that no space of the favorable condition of things in the two regret can make amends for one life's op- or three years past.

It will be remembered that six years ago the country was in the midst of a general "But you were always a good man of busidepression and "hard times" that were fourness, Jacob," faltered Scrooge, who now be- ful. No business yielded profit, and labor was not adequately rewarded in any of the "Business!" cried the Ghost, wringing his departments of industry. Deep-scated and hands again. "Mankind was my business, general dissatisfaction prevailed, develop-The common welfare was my business; ing in general strikes of labor, and, here charity, mercy, forbearance, benevolence, and there, in rioting. To the surprise of were, all, my business. The dealings of every body, the people in one election my trade were but a drop of water in the changed the political complexion of the lower house of congress, and, in a short It held up its chain at arm's length, as if time, the senate also. More than this, four that were the cause of all its unavailing years ago they elected a democratic presiundigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a grief, and flung it heavily upon the ground dena. This all proceeded from the conviction in the minds of the people that to the "At this time of the rolling year," the legislation of congress and the administraspectre said, "I suffer most. Why did I tion of the government was largely due the Scrooge was not much in the habit of walk through the crowds of fellow-beings condition of affairs. The president elected cracking lokes, nor did he feel in his heart with my eyes turned down, and never raise was not permitted to take his seat, for reaby any means waggish then. The truth is, them to that blessed Starwhich led the Wise sons well known to all and disputed by none, that he tried to be smars, as a means of dis- Men to a poor abode! Were there no poor but Mr. Hayes, a man not elected, did six since been the de facto president. Average Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear harvests during those hard times had been the spectre going on at this rate, and began gathered, and the people perceived no substantial cause for the condition of things, and attributed it to the mismanagement and unwise legislation of the party in power, and hence attempted to overthrow it, and hard upon me! Don't be flowery, Jacob! did partially do so.

The lessons taught by the events of those days were very salutary ones, and the result followed that the legislation of the have sat invisible beside you many and country both federal and state, was directed poward the correction of abuses and the re-It was not an agreeable idea. Scrooge moval of the artificial obstructions, that way of the natural course of business and

purshed the Ghost. "I am here to night to Confidence in the wisdom of government warn you, that you have yet a chance and always gives stimulus to business and trade. The people any that Mr. Haves' administration was pursuing a wise policy and that a democratic congress was making honest effort to remove as far as possible the burdens of the aituation. The south was

(Concluded on Pourth Page.)